

# A CHRISTMAS-BOX,

For the *REPUBLICANS*.

A NEW SONG.

THE Devil take the *Democrats*, and all the *Gallic* knaves, fir,  
Who under *Freedom's* specious mask, combine to make us *slaves*, fir;  
They are a set of *infidels*, who *God* and *Man* abuse, fir,  
And disregard all property; because they've nought to lose, fir.

EQUALITY they stickle for, and preach up pleasant things, fir,  
The *Churches* land, the *rogues* divide; and butcher *Priests* and *Kings*, fir;  
The *wealthy* man's a victim made, without a *Judge* or *Jury*,  
And he that is possess'd of gold, must fall beneath their fury.

How laughable it is to hear, the wild *fanatics* rant, fir,  
And swear that if you will *rebel*, you ne'er shall be in want, fir;  
When all men know the *Gallic* knaves, are in a starving state, fir,  
And steer their ships for *British* ports, to rob us of our *wheat*, fir.

Nine acres each of stolen land, to rebels are assign'd, fir,  
But when they have done *cutting throats*, employers prove unkind, fir;  
They cannot spare one inch of ground, to *curs* so much beneath them;  
The *cut-throats* were all *beggars* found, and *beggars* still they leave them;

And now the equalizing rogues, who *tyrants* could not bear, fir,  
Like *bloody Nero's* wave the sword, and make their vassals stare, fir;  
Deluded fools now see, too late, the work they have been doing,  
And find delightful golden dreams, all terminate in ruin.

*Tom Paine* was born a shabby dog, by trade a lousy tailor,  
His goose and bodkin he forsook, and ran away from jail, fir;  
He left off stitching women's stays, and statesman did commence, fir,  
He wrote to tickle *asses* ears, and call'd it "*COMMON SENSE*," fir.

The *Devil* pleas'd with what *Tom* wrote, engaged him as his *clerk*, fir,  
And with his *Tommy* did cajole, and mutter in the dark, fir;  
To raise the *tailor* from his board, the devil form'd a plan, fir,  
And bid the cross-leg'd knave compose, his cursed "*RIGHTS OF MAN*," fir.

*Tom* in a garret sat him down, and scribb'l'd all the night, fir,  
But was oblig'd to pawn his shirt, to purchase candle-light, fir;  
Oppress'd with want, and penniless, no wonder *Tommy's* pen, fir,  
Should recommend *EQUALITY*, and envy *wealthy* men, fir.

He wrote so feelingly to knaves, whose pockets were quite empty,  
That proselytes he soon obtain'd, full nineteen out of twenty;  
He found that *villains* were all ripe, to massacre the great, fir,  
Like *cannibals* they drank their blood, and human flesh they eat, fir!

*Philosophers* they dub themselves, most learned men indeed, fir,  
But half the wise *Republicans*, can neither write or read, fir;  
And when they form their mighty plans, they are oblig'd to send, fir,  
To that meek saint of *Birmingham*, the *cannibals* fast friend, fir.

I wish all *Doctors* of his stamp, were seated in a cart, fir,  
And on some lofty gibbet hung, who from the truth depart, fir;  
*Britannia* then might live at ease, enjoy sweet peace of mind, fir,  
*Tom Paine* his dirty jobs would lose, and no employment find, fir.

Ye *Britons* blush to be the dupes, of such a base-born traitor,  
Replete with low-liv'd knavish tricks, and full of damn'd conceit, fir;  
*Tom Paine* may like a monkey grin, but *Tom* shall not prevail, fir,  
The *British Lion* ne'er will run, from pricklouse *Tom the Tailor*.

May all the factious crew be flogg'd, with nettles and with thorns, fir,  
And always doom'd to wooden shoes, and toes oppress'd with corns, fir;  
May gout torment their flesh and bones, and be oblig'd to dance, fir,  
O'er rugged flints and pebble stones, from *Dover* cliffs to *France*, fir.

May ev'ry loyal *Publican*, that sells a can of ale, fir,  
Ne'er draw a sup for those vile *curs*, that wish our *Rights* to steal, fir;  
And if they offer clubs to hold, like *Priest's* performing masses,  
Turn out the huggermugger dogs, and kick the *villains* a——.

Now here goes up a loyal glass, to good *Kings* and good *Laws*, fir,  
These are the bolts, and bars, and locks, that keep us from *Rogues* claws, fir,  
Were it not for good *Government*, we all must run away, fir,  
Or fall beneath *assassins* hands, some thousands in a day, fir,

Our *Trade* and *Commerce* at a stand, our *Shops* must all be shut, fir,  
No money left but *Paper-coin*, we all must run in debt, fir;  
The *Plough* stand still, the *Shuttle* sleep, and *Stocking-frame* be mute, fir,  
And nothing left but blood and wounds, and hungry guts to boot, fir.

God grant us grace to love the *King*, and pray for his long life, fir,  
And keep from *democratic wolves*, his children and his wife, fir;  
Bumper now my song shall end; Here goes to *Church* and *State*, fir,  
And he that will not grin at the *wealth*, shall have it on his pate, fir.